

TM

# SPAWN

**Image**

**11**

**JUNE**

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**McFARLANE**  
KIKO & RUDE



**image**™ COMICS PRESENTS:

# "HOME"



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nom.deplume scan

**image**™



NOW, LET'S GET  
BACK TO REALITY.

SPAWN'S BEEN HAVING  
NIGHTMARES.

THAT'S THE ONLY  
EXPLANATION.

AL! FOR  
CHRISSAKE,  
BUDDY!

**SNAP  
OUT  
OF IT!**

**YEEAAHKG!**



GGREAYAH!!

IT AIN'T REAL,  
BOY! COME ON!  
THEY'LL CALL THE  
COPS ON US!

HE'S  
GOT IT  
BAD,  
YES HE  
DOES.

SORRY  
ABOUT  
THIS, AL.

SPAKK

BLARGG!

YUURGGG!

huh?

BOBBY.

AND  
BOOTS.

GUYS.  
IT'S  
YOU.


THANK  
GOD.

Oh, MOTHER. THAT  
WAS TOO DAMN WEIRD.  
DEMONS AND NEW AGE  
GIRLS AND REALLY MEAN  
ANGELS AND A TALKING  
AARDVARK...

HE  
SMOKED,  
TOO.

... A TALKING  
AARDVARK...





AARDVARK, huh? WITH ME IT'S USUALLY RATS AND LIZARDS AND BEETLES. I GET A LOT OF BEETLES.

I MOSTLY GET BATS.

BUT I DON'T **DRINK**, DAMN IT!

SORRY, I'M HAVING A ROUGH TIME.

YOU KNOW, BIG GUY, WE'VE BEEN HANGING OUT FOR A WHILE NOW-- BUT I AIN'T HEARD SO MUCH AS A **SOB STORY** OUTTA YOU. NOT SO MUCH AS A **SHE DONE ME WRONG**.

I DON'T MEAN TO POKE MY NOSE WHERE IT DON'T BELONG, BUT WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

THAT'S A LONG STORY. AND IT DOESN'T HAVE A PUNCHLINE. LET'S JUST SAY THAT ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M KIND OF LIKE **BOOTS**, OVER THERE.

HE'S SO IN LOVE WITH THOSE **BOOTS** OF HIS. THAT'S WHAT WE CALL HIM. THEY'RE ALL HE'S GOT, SO HE TAKES CARE OF THEM.

AND ALL I'VE GOT IS YOU GUYS AND THIS ALLEY. YOU'RE MY FRIENDS-- AND THIS IS MY HOME.



# BOOM



YOU'RE GOING THE WRONG WAY, AL! THAT'S GOT TO BE THE COPS!

NO. THAT'S A FIFTY-MILLIMETER TSUNAMI. IT'S JAPANESE. COPS DON'T USE IT. IT'S MILITARY.

SPAWN HAS SEEN THIS WEAPON IN ACTION BEFORE. BACK WHEN HE WAS AL SIMMONS AND HE WAS ALIVE.

IT'S A HAND-HELD TANK STOPPER. IT CAN REDUCE A BRADLEY TO SHRAPNEL WITH A SINGLE SHOT.

# BOOM

USE IT ON A HUMAN AND YOU'RE TALKING SPAGHETTI SAUCE.

THE LUMPY KIND.





THE DAMN THING  
BRINGS BACK ALL  
THE WRONG KIND  
OF MEMORIES.



SAVE  
ME.



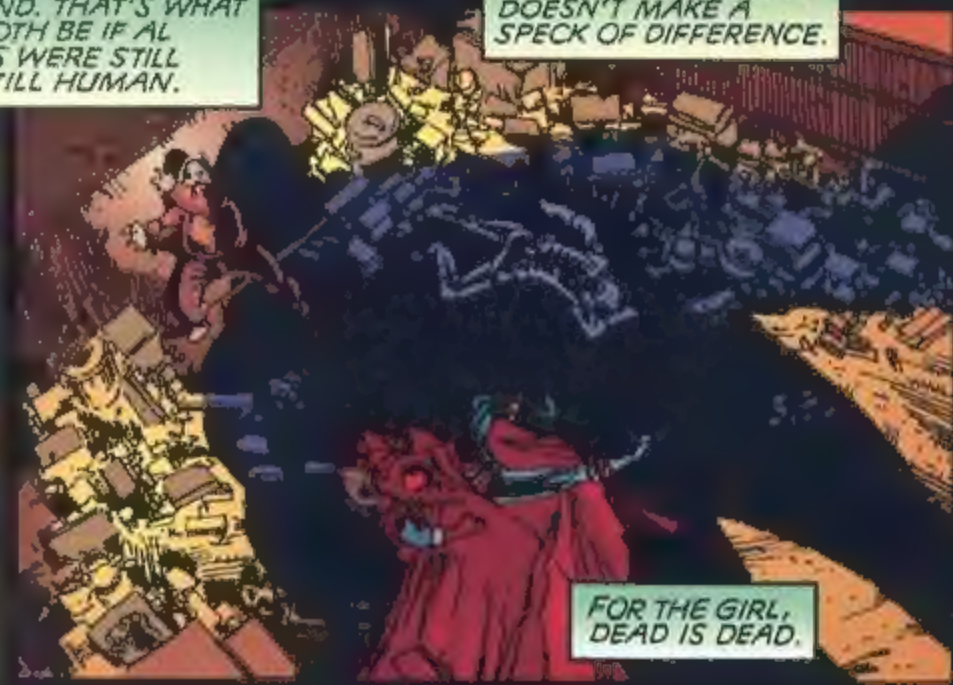
YAGHH!

SAVE



SPAGHETTI SAUCE, THE  
LUMPY KIND. THAT'S WHAT  
THEY'D BOTH BE IF AL  
SIMMONS WERE STILL  
ALIVE. STILL HUMAN.

BUT FOR THE GIRL, IT  
DOESN'T MAKE A  
SPECK OF DIFFERENCE.



FOR THE GIRL,  
DEAD IS DEAD.

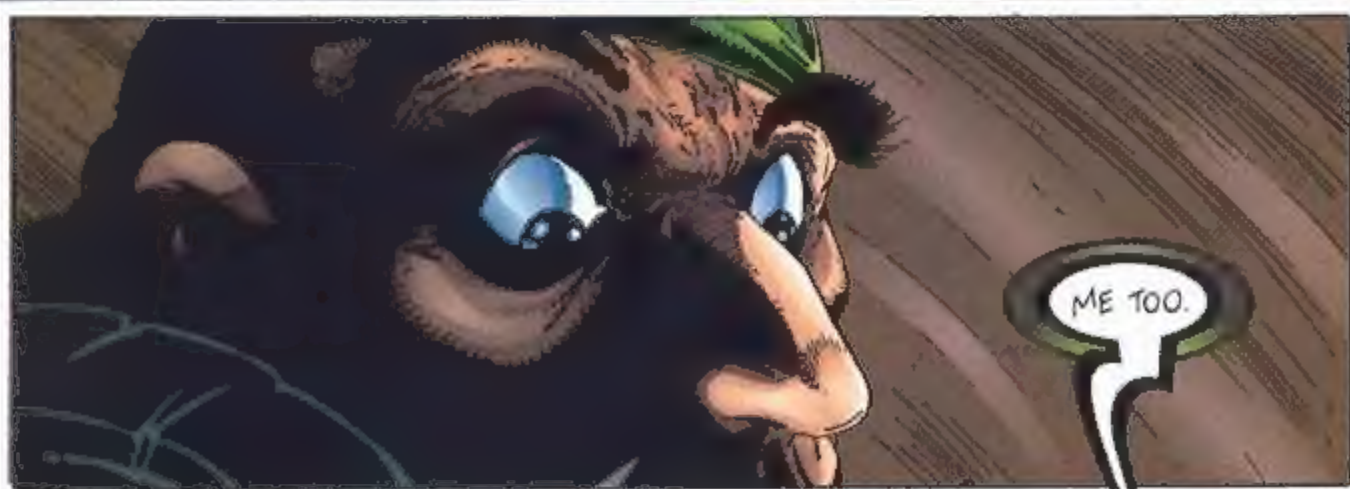




YOU  
SUNNUVABITCH!  
YOU KILLED  
MY PAL.

MAYBE  
I'LL KILL YOU  
TOO, YOU DRUNK  
OLD TURD.

I GOT A  
CASE OF THE  
*NASTIES*  
TONIGHT.



ME TOO.





BAD CASE.  
YOUR FAULT.

AL.

JEEZ LOUISE.

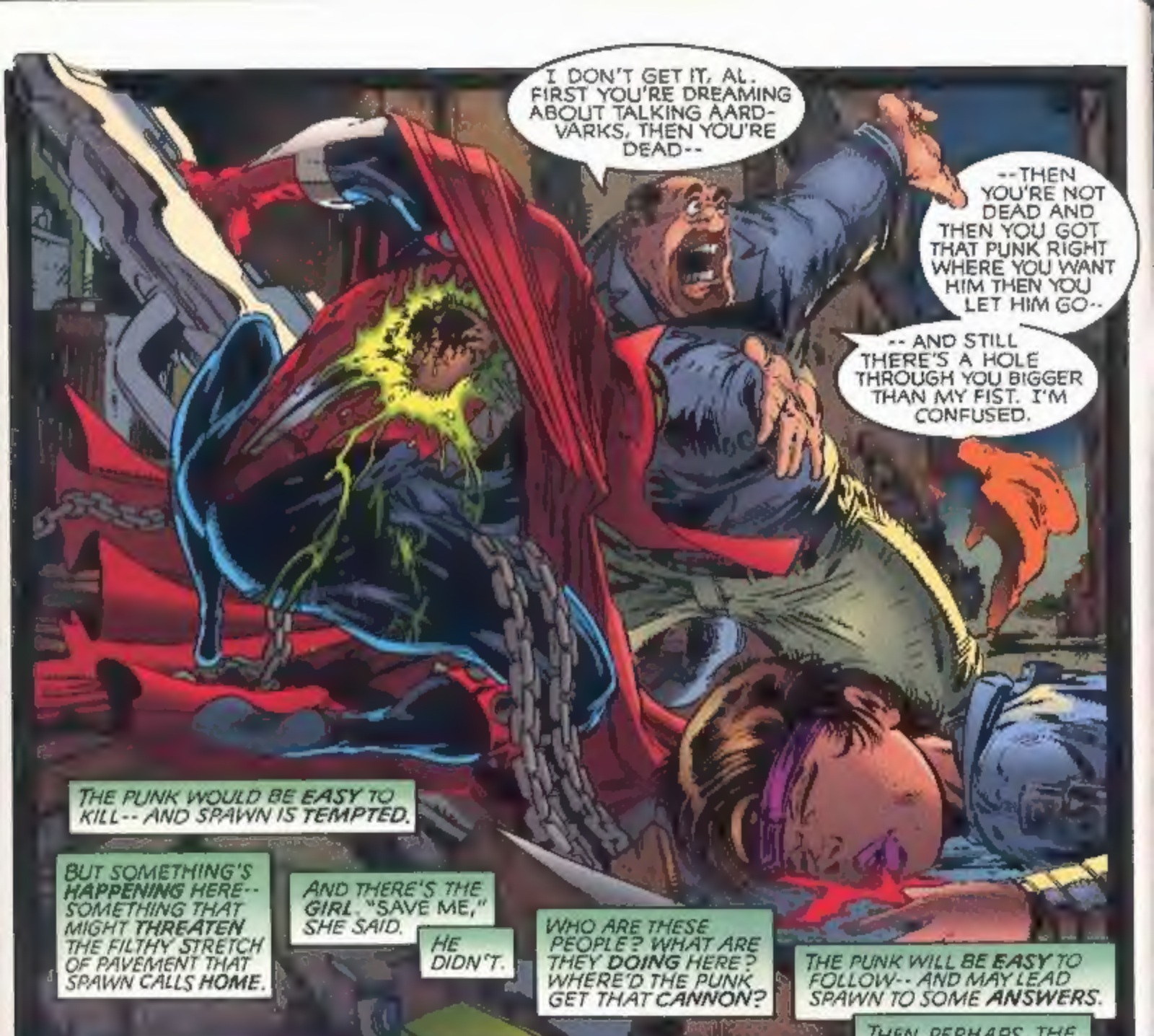
THIS

CAN'T

BE

HAPPENING.





I DON'T GET IT, AL.  
FIRST YOU'RE DREAMING  
ABOUT TALKING AARD-  
VARKS, THEN YOU'RE  
DEAD--

--THEN  
YOU'RE NOT  
DEAD AND  
THEN YOU GOT  
THAT PUNK RIGHT  
WHERE YOU WANT  
HIM THEN YOU  
LET HIM GO--

-- AND STILL  
THERE'S A HOLE  
THROUGH YOU BIGGER  
THAN MY FIST. I'M  
CONFUSED.

THE PUNK WOULD BE EASY TO  
KILL-- AND SPAWN IS TEMPTED.

BUT SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENING HERE--  
SOMETHING THAT  
MIGHT THREATEN  
THE FILTHY STRETCH  
OF PAVEMENT THAT  
SPAWN CALLS HOME.


AND THERE'S THE  
GIRL. "SAVE ME,"  
SHE SAID.

HE  
DIDN'T.


WHO ARE THESE  
PEOPLE? WHAT ARE  
THEY DOING HERE?  
WHERE'D THE PUNK  
GET THAT CANNON?

THE PUNK WILL BE EASY TO  
FOLLOW-- AND MAY LEAD  
SPAWN TO SOME ANSWERS.

THEN, PERHAPS, THE  
KILLING STARTS.



BUT FIRST,  
PRECIOUS  
ENERGY  
SPENT.



AND NOW  
THERE'S NO  
HOLE. COULD'VE  
PUT MY FIST RIGHT  
THROUGH IT A  
MINUTE AGO AND  
NOW THERE'S NO  
HOLE. YOU'RE SOME  
STRANGE KIND OF  
GUY, AL. TRULY  
UNIQUE.









YEAH  
YEAH I *DID*  
THAT *CREEP*  
CHICK, ALL  
RIGHT? BUT I  
RUN INTO  
SOMETHING  
*REALLY*  
*WEIRD*

I WAS A *GUY*  
OR SOMETHING IT  
WAS HARD TO TELL  
*WHAT*. WITH ALL THE  
*CAPE AND CHAINS*  
AND EVERYTHING -

-BUT IT  
TOOK A  
*DIRECT HIT* -  
IT HAD A  
*HOLE* RIGHT  
THROUGH ITS  
*CHEST* AND  
IT GOT BACK  
*UP!*

YOU'VE BEEN  
DOING SOMETHING  
YOU *SHOULDN'T*,  
HAVEN'T YOU. *BOOMER?*  
SOMETHING THAT GOES  
IN YOUR *ARM*. OR UP  
YOUR *NOSE* OR DOWN  
YOUR *THROAT*. SOME  
THING THAT MAKES  
YOU VERY, VERY  
*STUPID*

THAT'S VERY  
*BAD*, *BOOMER*  
YOU *KNOW* THE  
RULES YOU JO IN  
THE *NERDS* AND  
YOU STAY CLEAN  
SO YOU DON'T  
START SEEING  
THINGS

BYRON -  
HELP ME  
*ADVISE*  
H.M

"*CREEPS*"?

"*NERDS*"?

GANG NAMES  
STREET GANGS

THE PLOT  
THICKENS

THEN ALL OF A  
SUDDEN THERE'S  
A GAG FROM THE  
ONE THEY CALL  
*BOOMER*--  
THERE'S A HISS  
HYDRAULIC



BYRON

CYBORG  
ENFORCER FOR  
THE NERD GANG  
BIG AND MEAN  
AND STUPID  
GLASS

NERDS  
STAY CLEAN  
IT'S THE RULE  
NERDS STAY  
CLEAN

VERY WELL  
SPOKEN, BYRON  
THANK YOU

WE  
STAY CLEAN,  
BOOMER WE  
DON'T DO DRUGS.  
WE DON'T SELL  
DRUGS WE EAT  
OUR JUNK FOOD  
AND WE STEAL OUR  
ELECTRONICS  
EQUIPMENT  
AND WE KILL  
CREEPS

GLASS

I'M CLEAN  
NORTON.  
I SWEAR!

WE DON'T  
SWEAR EITHER  
BOOMER! WE DO  
WHAT WE'RE  
TOLD!

WASTE MODEL: ASS  
ADL. BROGREN  
FEET - 25"

WASTE  
TALKING  
AARDVARK



BRING HIM  
DOWN HERE SO  
THAT I CAN YELL  
AT HIM SOME  
MORE, BYRON

THANK  
YOU  
BYRON

WHAT  
WE'RE  
TOLD  
WE ARE  
NEEDS

GLUKK

I DONE WHAT  
YOU TOLD ME  
TO, NORTON! I  
DID THE CREEP  
CHICK I'M JUST  
TELLING YOU THERE'S  
A PROBLEM WITH  
THAT ALLEY WE'RE  
SUPPOSED TO TAKE

MAYBE WE  
SHOULD STAY AWAY  
FROM IT

STAY AWAY  
FROM IT?!

THAT ALLEY WILL GIVE  
US A CORRIDOR-- RIGHT  
INTO THE HEART OF  
CREEP TURF!

BESIDES,  
THEY WANT  
IT NOW! AND  
WHAT DO  
NEEDS DO?

NEEDS  
KILL  
CREEP? WE ARE  
NEEDS

GLAGGG

SAY IT,  
BOOMER!  
NEEDS  
KILL  
CREEPS!

SAY  
IT!

I WANT  
HIM  
TO SAY  
IT!

SORRY

A TURF WAR  
AND SPAWN'S  
HOME IS RIGHT IN  
THE MIDDLE OF IT

POWER DEPLETED,  
FIXING HIS CHEST  
TOO MANY GUNS  
DOWN THERE TO  
GO AFTER THEM  
RIGHT NOW  
ANYWAY

IT'S THE WRONG  
TIME FOR AN  
ATTACK HE  
LEARNED TO TELL  
THE DIFFERENCE  
BACK IN THE WARS

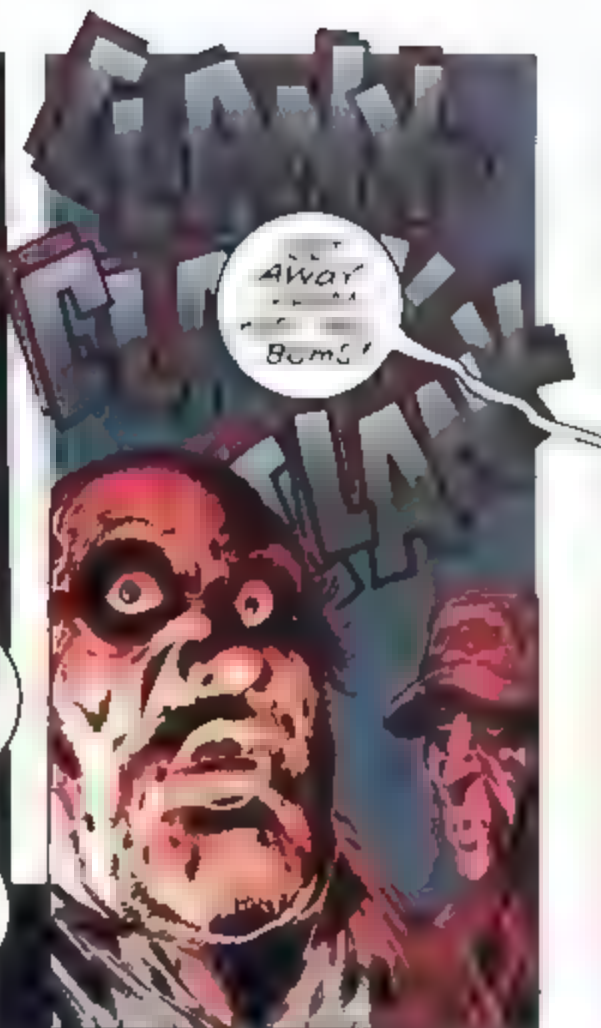
THAT'S RIGHT. THINK  
LIKE A SOLDIER.

THERE'S AN IMPOR-  
TANT RULE TO WAR.  
IF ALL YOU'RE DOING  
IS DEFENSE, YOU'RE  
SCREWED

YOU HAVE TO  
CREATE THE  
SITUATION.

BUT FIRST OF ALL,  
YOU WATCH OUT  
FOR YOUR BUDDIES





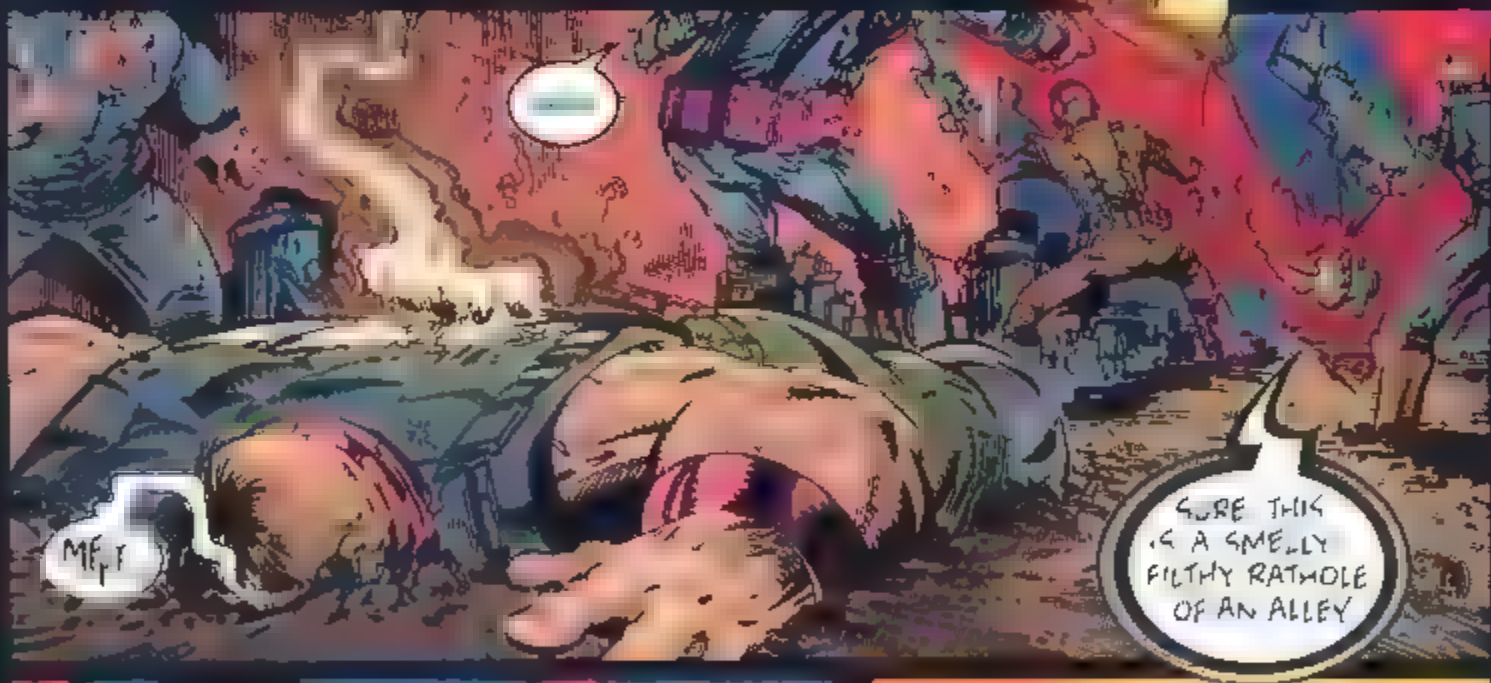


BUT FIRST  
I GOTTA SHOW  
THOSE NERDS THIS  
DILLEY BELONGS  
TO THE  
CREEPS

Ulp!

GOTTA  
MARK IT IN  
BLOOD

YOU  
LOOK LIKE  
YOU GOT  
LOTS OF  
BLOOD IN  
YOU



SURE THIS  
IS A SMELLY  
FILTHY RATHOLE  
OF AN ALLEY



GET  
LOST!



YAA!

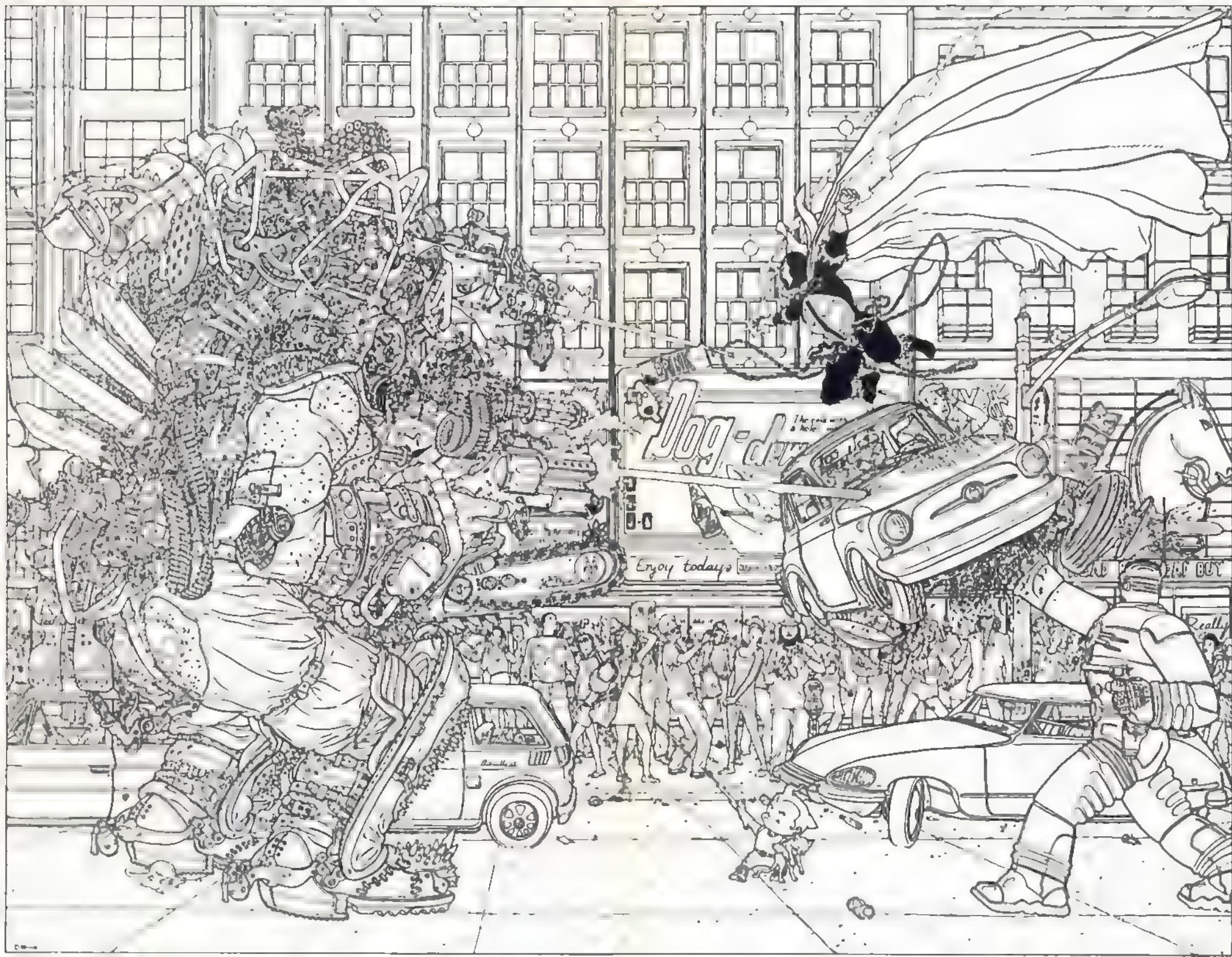
YEAH!



**INSERT  
POSTER**

**By  
GEOF  
DARROW**







**NEXT  
ISSUE:  
ROB  
LIEFELD'S  
BLOODWULF**



YOU COMING  
AT ME LIKE THIS IN  
MY HOUR OF GRIEF  
YOU NOT SHOWING  
ME ONE SHRED  
OF COMPASSION

THIS IS  
NO GOOD

EVEN IF I BEAT THE  
GUY THERE LL BE MORE  
FROM BOTH SIDES

I'VE GOT TO  
CREATE THE  
SITUATION

UP  
COURSE

SPAWN  
SUMMONS  
HIS HELL  
BORN  
POWER

IT'S SO  
SIMPLE

CREEPS!



OR MAYBE HE  
JUST SHOWS THE  
ENEMY THE PLTRID  
CONTENTS OF HIS  
OWN SOUL

PSYCHOLOGICAL  
WARFARE--  
THE FIRST STEP  
IN CREATING THE  
SITUATION

THE  
BATTLE WILL  
BE FOUGHT HERE  
THE WAR WILL END  
HERE. ALL  
CREEPS WILL  
DIE

GOLLY  
JAMES, THIS  
IS REALLY SCARY  
I THINK MAYBE  
WE SHOULD GET  
OUT OF HERE  
TELL THE  
GUYS

I'm so  
UPSET!

HERE I  
AM STILL UPSET  
OVER BUFFY AND  
NOW THIS! IT'S NOT  
FAIR IT ISN'T  
FAIR AT ALL

AT THE  
VERDAMP

THE  
WAR WILL  
END THE ALLEY  
WILL BE YOUR  
GRAVE ALL NERDS  
WILL DIE TONIGHT  
AT MIDNIGHT FACE  
US NOW-- OR  
COWER AND  
CRINGE--

UNTIL  
WE HUNT  
YOU  
DOWN!

CREEPS  
KILL NERDS!  
THAT MEANS  
WAR!!

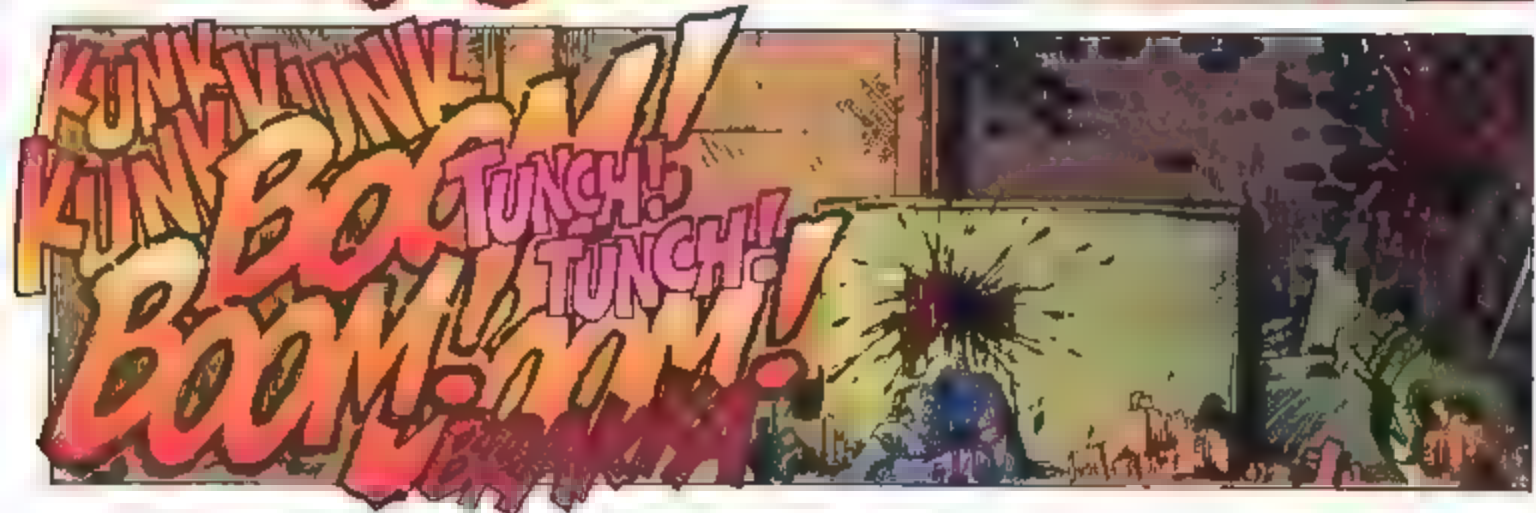
HUJOGRAM  
GUT TO BE A  
HUJOGRAM  
COOL!

WAR THAT'S  
EXACTLY WHAT  
IT MEANS

THE SITUATION  
IS CREATED

THE  
WAR  
IS ON







**HAH!**

CREEPS  
KILL NERDS!  
NERDS KILL  
CREEPS!  
ALL CREEPS DIE!  
ALL NERDS DIE!

ONLY

**BYRON™**  
STILL  
LIVES!

BYRON...

BYRON™  
**RULES**  
THE ALLEY!  
BYRON™  
**OWNZ**  
THE ALLEY!







BEING RIPPED TO ATOMS~ SCRAMBLED INTO A LIVING STREAM OF ENERGY.

MIGHT AS WELL NOSE DIVE INTO A MEAT GRINDER.



BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY.





BUT IT'S LIKE  
THE ESCAPE ARTIST  
HOUDINI SAID  
ABOUT A BANK  
VAULT HE LOCKED  
HIMSELF INTO.

--NOT TO KEEP  
PEOPLE IN.

GLAGG!


GLURK

IT'S NOT FUN, AND  
IT'S NOT PRETTY--

IT'S BUILT  
TO KEEP  
PEOPLE OUT--

--BUT IT  
WORKS.



The image is a comic book panel featuring the character Spawn. He is depicted from the waist up, wearing his signature black and red suit with a large, flowing red cape. He has a menacing, skeletal face with glowing yellow eyes. He is restrained by thick metal chains that wrap around his torso and legs. He stands in a dark, urban alleyway with a brick wall behind him and a city skyline, including a tall building with a spire, visible in the background under a dark sky. Several speech bubbles contain dialogue. In the bottom left corner, there is a small inset box with the text 'NEXT: Who killed SPAWN?'.

I'M NOT ASKING  
THIS TIME, AL. I'M NOT  
BUGGING YOU WITH A BUNCH  
OF STUPID QUESTIONS ABOUT  
STUFF THAT DON'T CONCERN ME.  
SOMETIMES A GUY'S JUST GOT  
TO REALIZE THERE'S THINGS  
THAT ARE SIMPLY BEYOND A  
GUY'S UNDERSTANDING. SO  
I'M NOT ASKING ABOUT  
HOW IT IS YOU POPPED  
INTO THAT GUY'S CHEST  
AND CAME BACK OUT.

BUT WHAT  
I AM ASKING  
IS WHAT ABOUT  
US? WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
ALLEY?

WE LET  
THE COPS  
CLEAN IT UP.  
THEN, YOU KNOW,  
WE MOVE  
BACK IN--

-- AND  
LIFE  
GOES  
ON.

NEXT  
*Who killed*  
**SPAWN?**